

FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER.

N. O. WALLACE, J.

"Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy Country's, thy God's, and Truth's."

PUBLISHER & PROPRIETOR.

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WHOLE NO. 330.

TERMS.
Two Dollars for one year if paid at the time of subscription; Two Dollars and Fifty Cents, if paid in advance, after the expiration of three months.
All Bills for Advertisements, Job-Work, or Subscriptions, considered when contracted, except against those with whom we have running accounts.
Subscribers failing to order a discontinuance of the paper, at the expiration of the time for which they may have subscribed, are considered as wishing to renew; and it will be continued to them accordingly.
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Persons advertising by the year, will be charged Forty Dollars for a whole column, Twenty Dollars for one-half, Ten Dollars for one-quarter. No deduction from these terms under any circumstances.
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Job Printing, of all kinds, neatly done on New Type, and on as reasonable terms as any office in Tennessee.
No Paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid up, except at the option of the Publisher.

Choice Poetry.

The Morning Star.

BY JESSIE.

Awake, creation, all that lives,
Advancing day the mandate gives,
And view your morning star;
Invested with the peerless sheen
Of dawning day, 'tis clearly seen,
Though placed in realms afar.

Sole arbitress, she reigns on high,
Without a rival in the sky,
All peerless and alone;
But soon from the enraptured sight,
Emerging in the sun's broad light,
Her lustre will be gone.

Arise ye Morpheus-bound, arise,
And view the splendor of the skies,
The glory of the east;
You glowing orb, divinely bright,
Emitting beams of ambient light,
Ere yet her reign hath ceased.

The constellations, one by one,
Desert the regions of the sun,
While she alone remains;
The centre of attraction there,
And of the eastern hemisphere,
Possession long retains.

But now less brilliant, far less bright,
The splendor of her liquid light,
As day approaches on;
The closing hour has come at last,
The zenith of her glory's past,
But not forever gone.

Receding from the gaze's view,
Invisible at length she grew,
Still higher and more high;
To let the regal king of day
Pursue his unobscured way,
Along the solar sky.

The Young Widow.

She is modest, but not bashful,
Free and easy, but not bold,
Like an apple, ripe and mellow,
Not too young and not too old;
Half inviting, half repulsive,
Now advancing and now shy,
There is mischief in her dimple,
There is danger in her eye.

She has studied human nature,
She's schooled in all her arts,
She has taken her diploma,
As the mistress of all hearts;
She can tell the very moment,
When to sigh and when to smile;
O, a maid is sometimes charming,
But a widow all the while.

Are you sad? how very serious
Will her handsome face become,
Are you angry? she is wretched,
Lonely, friendless, tearless, dumb;
Are you faithful, hear her laughter,
Silver-sounding will ring out,
She can laugh and catch and play you,
As an angler does the trout.

Ye old bachelors of forty,
Who have grown so bad and wise,
Young Americans of twenty,
With the love looks in your eyes;
You may practice all the lessons
Taught by Cupid since the fall,
But I know a little widow
Who could win and fool you all.

John Fly, who killed a student in Murfreesboro, Tenn., a few weeks ago, has been arrested.

THE BROTHER AND SISTER.

On the first day of June, 1839, I embarked on the steam Belle Martin, bound from the port of New Orleans to St. Louis. As all will remember who have travelled on the western waters, the cabin devoted to the use of the ladies is situated on the same floor, behind that of the gentlemen, from which it is only separated by folding doors, closed at night, but open during the day, and consequently then revealing the entire length of the hall as one immense apartment. In the present instance, as the boat was new and showy in appearance, a fairy, floating palace, and had already acquired a high reputation both for speed and comfort, all the state-rooms were filled with the wealth, fashion, and loveliness of the land. I do not, however, mean to say that everybody on board answered to any one of the three classes above mentioned; because in all vessels of the previous description carrying passengers on the Mississippi or its principal tributaries, there always may be found a free sprinkling of desperadoes and gamblers. It is true, the latter characters do not at first differ materially, either in their clothing or general aspect, from the most genteel and respectable individuals with whom they are intermingled. But one that has been long familiar with the species referred to, seldom fails to detect them by certain inevitable tokens. They are commonly overdressed, and more especially in the article of jewelry. Like all other animals of prey, their keen eyes look wild and restless, and wander continually, when not employed at the gaming table, as in search of something lost. Extremely easy of access themselves, they seize every occasion, and even create opportunities, to open an acquaintance with strangers.

As a matter of course, we were well supplied with these chevaliers of the river during our voyage. The singular magnificence of the Belle Martin had doubtless attracted them with the hopes of reaping a golden harvest. Among them was one whose appearance at the first view excited my curiosity, as I never remembered to have seen before a nobler human form. He was tall, athletic, and straight as an Indian, with long masses of curling hair, dark as a raven's plume, falling around his shoulders; a face swarthy, yet handsome in its mere physical outlines, but wearing a doubtful expression, midway between a smile and a sneer; and eyes black as night, cold, and gleaming. He walked the whole length of the cabin, back and forth, with unquiet steps, giving side glances of the sharpest scrutiny, apparently at everything and every person on the boat. Upon inquiring of the captain, I learned that this man was the famous, or rather the notorious, Frank Foeman, of Arkansas, more celebrated, if possible, for his desperate duels than even for his success as a gambler. After a while, as if satisfied with the result of his survey within the hall, he went out on the deck, and I lost sight of him for a time.

My attention then happened to be drawn towards two individuals, a young gentleman and lady, whose peculiar yet perfectly decorous conduct soon became the subject of common observation. They strayed here and there, over all parts of the vessel, as if in a museum of strange specimens, examining everything by turns with looks of beaming enthusiasm. It might be readily inferred that they had never been on board a steamer before—at least, such was the general impression caused by their actions. But what was especially remarkable, although enjoying their inspection, as it seemed in the highest degree, they never addressed each other even so much as in a whisper, and the female appeared to have an unaccountable passion for testing every object by feeling it with her right hand, while her left hand never let go its hold on the other's arm, as if she were afraid of falling; and yet her gait, though gen-

tle and timid, was as light and airy as the tread of the antelope. Having completed their exploration of all other localities, the couple returned to the ladies' cabin.

Their personal characteristics also deserve a passing notice. The young man, who could scarcely have arrived at the age of majority, was of the ordinary stature, and somewhat slender; but from the admirable symmetry of his round elastic limbs, as well as the surpassing quickness of their motions, he might, nevertheless, be supposed to possess considerable strength and the greatest activity. His features were fair and comely, and his fine blue eyes the most piercing that I ever saw in a human head.

The female was in the earliest bloom of youth, perhaps on the verge of sixteen summers; and never did that dewy spring-time of life offer to the gaze's view a sweeter flower. Her face was soft and tender in its expression as that of a child, and looked as if it never had lost the infant innocence which blessed it in the golden dawn of first existence, and her slight, fairy-like figure showed not a single defect in the exquisite harmony of its proportions. In short, the sternest critic could find but one fault in this model of feminine beauty. Her eyes were large and of the deepest, purest azure, like the heaven of the sunny south; yet, in some degree, they were wanting in the beamy, gem-like lustre which makes the visual orb literally windows of the soul. It is true they might be still compared to stars, but they did not glow and sparkle, and resembled rather the silver light of the planets shining through the snowy mist of a pellucid cloud. Besides, they wore a look of meek timidity mingled with unimaginable sadness, such as produced, in every beholder's heart, affectionate pity more than love.

Actuated by inquisitiveness, I asked the captain of the vessel—"Who are these two young persons, apparently so fondly devoted to each other, and yet never exchanging a word?"

"I cannot inform you," he replied, "but you can see by applying to the clerk."

I immediately went to the office, and the line being pointed out on the book, registering their arrival and separate state-rooms, told only their names, "Alfred Greenleaf, and his sister Iona."

At this moment, I heard the clear ringing of gold pieces behind me, and turning round beheld Frank Foeman and two other gamblers seated at a table, and preparing for a game of poker. The pastime proceeded, and large sums of money changed hands with startling rapidity; but I soon discovered that the play was a mere sham, got up for the purpose of allying the unwary and inexperienced into the glittering snare. My eyes soon wandered from the board in the direction of the ladies' cabin, and met a vision that riveted their gaze. The young stranger, Alfred Greenleaf, was standing, with flushed and excited features, his keen blue eyes fixed on the card-table with a glance like that of the eagle at its prey, while his sister, the lovely Iona, with a sad beseeching countenance, endeavored to draw him back by the arm to his seat on the sofa. He turned towards her with a frown of anger, yet she did not relax her hold, or cease her fruitless efforts. Neither of them spoke a word, but seemed to be dumb actors, in this strange pantomime. After a few minutes, the brother broke away with a hoarse, guttural cry, like that of an enraged wild animal, and immediately approached the gamblers. He then hung over the board with looks of enthusiastic delight, watching every change in the luck, as eagerly as if he were personally interested. These signs could not fail to be noticed by the sharpers, and Frank Foeman at length addressed him, with the courteous invitation—"Would you like to take a hand with us? We are only playing for amusement."

The youth did not answer in words but by actions. He instantly seated himself at the table, and placed at his elbow a heavy purse of gold and a large pocket book stuffed full of bank notes; and then, for the first time, the game commenced earnestly. In a brief space, the three confederates discovered to their cost that they had committed a serious mistake in assuming that their adversary was a novice. He held his own against all of them united, and at last took the lead, and kept it for hours. The bets were, occasionally, enormous, but Alfred Greenleaf could neither be frightened nor conquered, by any phase in the evolutions of chance or skill. He appeared to read the intentions of his opponents, by looking into their eyes, with the infallibility of a natural instinct. But still he did not speak. He rapped his knuckles on the board as the only token when he wished to "pass" on a poor hand, and he made all his wagers by laying down the amount in actual cash.

I must confess that although all the other bystanders were greatly excited by the changes of the game, and evinced the most intense pleasure at the mortification so visibly painted on the faces of the professional sharks, my own glance was chiefly turned towards a different object. I observed that the sister of the youth manifested a painful anxiety in reference to the dangerous amusement in which he was engaged. At times her mournful features were bathed in tears, and then she would rise up and move in a little circuit round the parlor, wringing her hands as if in agony, and displaying every symptom of grief and gloomy apprehension. Finally, she entered the gentlemen's cabin, and with slow and faltering steps advanced in the direction of the card table. She looked like one walking in a dream, and appeared not to be guided by sight, but rather by the loud ringing of the coin which the gamblers were almost incessantly throwing down upon the table. I was standing, at the moment, about ten feet from the players, and a dense circle of spectators intervened betwixt myself and them. The young lady approached in a right line, the point which I occupied, and her sad blue eyes, with a vacant expression, as I fancied, were fixed on face. She paused, however, when in one step of my position, and stretching out her hand, touched my arm. Her lips parted, and she murmured in tones of such low, sweet, indescribable music, that I thought she was going to sing—"Pardon me, sir; I am seeking for my brother."

"He is engaged at the card-table," I replied, wondering immeasurably at her strange behavior.

"Alas! I knew that," she said, with a profound sigh; "but my eyes cannot distinguish him from the others. I am blind!" She uttered the accents so unspenkably mournful, that I felt as if I could weep like a child. The whole truth flashed upon me at once, like a burst of sunshine from behind a passing cloud. All the singularity of her previous conduct was accounted for. Yes, those eyes, so blue, so beautiful, so like the tints of a summer sky, could not see, had never seen the rich world of colors which is more than half the sensible universe! For her, there had never been green on the grass, or glory in the flowers, or splendor in the light of the sun. In her moonless memory there were no diamond dawns, no radiant red evenings, no gleaming rainbows, no golden stars. She had been doomed from her very cradle to linger through life in everlasting darkness!

Arousing myself, with an effort, from such unpleasant reflections, I inquired in a kind voice—"Shall I tell your brother that you desire to speak with him?"

"You cannot tell him anything," she answered, with tears. "He is destitute of hearing, as I am of seeing."

This information explained the peculiar eccentricities that I remem-

bered in the acts of the young man from the instant when I first perceived him, and especially his silence during the game. But what an astonishing calamity was this! Here were two members of the same family afflicted by nature with similar misfortunes, each wanting a main avenue by which the soul communicates with the material forms and elements around it.

"Can I assist you in any way?" I asked compassionately.

"Yes," said she, "lead me to my brother, and place my hand on his shoulder."

"Excuse the seeming discourtesy," I remarked; "but suffer me to say, with the greatest respect, that this is no place for one so beautiful and innocent as you. Already rude and vulgar eyes are beginning to wander this way. Allow me to conduct you back into the parlor."

"Ah, me! how can I go and leave him!" sobbed the blind girl, turning pale as if about to faint at the thought of some danger that I was utterly at a loss to imagine.

"Your brother appears to be in a fair way of providing for himself," I answered, in order to console her; "he has nearly won all the money on the board."

"Oh! that is the reason for my fears," she replied, with a cold shudder; "for then the others will commence cheating, and as he cannot remonstrate with words, he will do it with blows, and life-blood will be shed, as it has been before; for he is dreadful in his wrath, when aroused."

At the very instant, as she ceased speaking, I heard the same wild, guttural cry which, as I have previously mentioned, young Greenleaf uttered as he broke away from his sister in the ladies' cabin. She heard it also, and as if in nameless terror hastened away to the parlor. Then came the sound of a slight stroke like a slap in the face, next a powerful blow, a heavy fall, a scuffle and immediately the most frantic confusion reigned throughout the hall. Some voices exclaimed, "Part them! part them!" Others shouted as vehemently, "No! let them alone—let them fight it out!" Finally, the roar of a pistol suddenly sounded and the throng scattered in affright from their perilous proximity to the combat, when I was enabled to obtain a fair view of the situation of the parties. They were standing separated by the distance of not more than three feet, gazing into each other's eyes with looks of hatred and malignity the most absolute horrible that I ever witnessed, before or since, on the human countenance. Greenleaf, entirely unharmed, clutched the hilt of a dagger, from which the blade had been broken off in the rencontre; and Frank Foeman, his features being disfigured by bleeding wounds, held in his right hand the pistol just discharged, and which still smoked at the muzzle.

"Dare you to give me the satisfaction of a gentleman?" asked Foeman in fierce tones, almost insupportable with rage.

The mute snatched from his coat pocket a small slate, and inscribed upon it, with a pencil—"Say what you wish here, for I am deaf." And he presented this to his enemy.

The latter took the slate, and wrote his previous inquiry.

"The mute replied in the same way—'Yes!'"

"When?" wrote Foeman.

"At the next wood-yard where the boat stops," answered Greenleaf.

"What are to be the weapons?"

"Pistols, at ten paces," was the response.

"Have you a second?" interrogated the Arkansas duelist.

"I can procure one," answered the mute. He then traced on the slate in large letters—"Will any gentleman present be so kind as to stand my friend?" and held it up in view of the spectators.

John Turley, the famous keeper of a pistol gallery in New Orleans, advanced and signified his willingness to comply with the request; and the pro-

per arrangements were soon completed for the hostile interview.

An hour afterwards, the steamer landed to take in wood; and the principals, with their seconds, went ashore, followed by most of the male passengers. The weapons being already loaded, the adversaries were placed in position at the distance agreed on, and awaited in silence the signal. This was to be the dropping of a white handkerchief, after being waved three several times, from the hand of John Turner.

I was particularly struck with the strong contrast exhibited between the different expressions which the visages of the two mortal enemies wore. It is true both looked equally brave, without the least tremulous token of fear for the result. But the features of Foeman, as he stood with an unwavering finger on the hair-trigger, were writhing spasmodically with a grim smile of the most intensely murderous meaning, as if perfectly sure of his revenge; while the face of the mute seemed suffused with a glow of enthusiastic excitement, like the sunlight on the countenance of the warrior when the shouts of victory are ringing in his ear. The eye of the Arkansas duelist was appalling in the cold cruelty of its gaze; that of the other flashed triumphantly and piercingly as the eagle's when that bird of heaven singles out its inevitable victim from afar.

At length, John Turner waved the piece of snowy cambric once, twice, three times, and let it fall; but before it even touched the ground, the mute had discharged his weapon, and Foeman dropped to the ground a corpse, his pistol rearing harmlessly as he fell.

Again the mute uttered that hoarse guttural cry of his, loud as the yell of some wild beast, and seemingly combining the scream of the panther with the ominous howl of the wolf. He had sent his bullet directly through the centre of his enemy's forehead.

His gambling friends carried the body of the deceased back to the boat, to be interred at the next town by the river; and soon we went steaming on up the current. Fifteen minutes afterwards we met a vessel coming downwards. Our captain hailed her, and much to my individual regret, as I had hoped to learn more in relation to so singular a pair, the mute and his blind sister left us, and got on board the other steamer. That was the last I ever saw or heard of either of them. But the sad, child-like face of the blind girl, and the musical murmurs of her voice—the sweetest that I can ever hope shall whisper in my ears again—have since haunted many a dream, and will linger in my memory while life shall hold one fainting ray from the light of departed days.

A LUCKY RECOVERY.—A few days ago a merchant of New Orleans, La., while hanging from a steamer at the levee, dropped a valuable gold watch overboard. He instantly procured a pig of iron and a line, with a buoy, and dropped the iron as near as he could to the spot where the watch had disappeared. Early next morning he went on board the steamer, undressed, and taking the line in his hand, dived down, returning, so said, to the surface in less than a minute, with the watch in his hand. The water was thirty-two feet deep.

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM.—An "ardent youth," being discovered by an enraged sire, making love to his daughter, thus describes the effect of the meeting:

Down on my head the cursed cane
Descended—bless me! how the stars
In whirling systems through my brain,
Wheel'd their red cars!

Wm. Cleveland, formerly a clerk in the post office there, was arrested a few days ago in Mobile for robbing the mails and he was committed to jail.

J. M. Ater, a mail carrier, has been arrested and committed to Pontotoc, Miss. jail for robbing the mails.

Stupendous Hoax.

A certain individual of this city (no matter who) being of the opinion that the fourth of July was likely to prove void of any excitement, or public interest, and wishing to change such an aspect of affairs, circulated through the city a poster, stating that Prof. Culex would perform the wonderful feat of walking on the water! The performance to take place on the Potomac river, in front of canal locks, at 10 o'clock, A. M. Sight free to all, &c. Long before the appointed time, hundreds of people of all ages and of both sexes could be seen wending their way towards the river, and at the hour of 10, it is estimated that there were between two thousand, and three thousand, present to witness the wonderful performance, besides which every window and hill that commanded a view of the river was occupied. Prof. Culex was in everybody's mind—he seemed to be the sole subject of interest. As the time appointed passed, and 11 o'clock drew near, and still no Prof. Culex was to be seen, the people became impatient; about this time it was whispered around that Culex was the Latin word for Musquito, when the truth flashed upon their minds that they had been "sold." They seemed to take it, however, in good humor, and although some faces wore an air of disappointment, still the majority enjoyed the joke, and heartily laughed over the circumstance. — *Cumberland Journal*.

CHURCH BUILDING IN NEW YORK CITY.—The rage of church building is very great this season. On the Fifth Avenue, near 48th street, the Dutch Reformed Church is about to erect a new white marble church, on a lot of land costing \$120,000.—This church is the richest corporation in New York, after Trinity Church. A new Presbyterian church is to be reared on Murray Hill; this edifice is for the society of Rev. Mr. Alexander. Rev. Dr. Spring's new church will be of brick, with a stone steeple, 220 feet high, with clock and bell; it will hold about 2000 people, and cost \$140,000. Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the Tabernacle Church, will have a church of white marble, which will cost \$120,000. On the Fourth Avenue, the Methodists are to erect a magnificent church, and they go for white marble, with the best. They have just sold their house in Mulberry street, and "go up town." This church will have a steeple 200 feet high. The Baptists are to build an elegant church on Eighth Avenue and 43d street. This will be composed of brown stone and iron. And the Catholics, under the lead of Archbishop Hughes, are to put up, on the Fifth Avenue and 51st street, one of the most magnificent churches in the city.

There is a gentleman in Union, N. H., who was 101 years old on the 7th of July. His name is Ralph Farnham—and a strong effort was made to induce him to be present at the Bunker Hill celebration, in Boston—he having had a part in the battle. He declined going on account of the distance, and when his son a lad of 60 or 70 years, proposed to accompany him, replied "if he went he didn't want to be bothered with the care of any children!" He says he doesn't remember ever being sick, but "believes he had a fever or something, 80 or 90 years ago."

At the funeral of A. T. Van Liew, who was murdered in open day in New York and his murderers escaping, the clergymen, "commented upon the wickedness and crime existing in New York city, and said that in comparison *Sodom and Gomorrah* were as pure as snow." Yet the Tribune and the Times abuse the immoral South!

FEMALE ODDITIES.—"What carrot-headed, ugly little urchin is that, madam? Do you know his name?" "Why, yes, that is my youngest son." "You don't say so, indeed! What a dear, little, sweet, dove-eyed cherub he is!"